

Within this cloudier heaven

by MirrorShard

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Summary: "They've never met someone more powerful than they are and it'sâ€"intoxicating. Mycroft Holmes is intoxicating." He was just walking down the street, minding his own business and mapping out his future as a virtual nobody in a magic-less world. In true Harry Potter fashion things did not go according to plan. Slash.

1. Part I: There

Yes, I have uploaded a new story. Yes, you are allowed to curse me. No, I do not appreciate assassins being sent after me. Try and show a little more creativity, would you?

This is my first ever crossover and my first attempt of trying my hand at the BBC Sherlock Holmes universe - because where's the fun in doing things halfway? I may or may not twist the canon universes, timelines, and other similarly subsidiary stuff beyond recognition just for the fun of it. Because this is what this little project is for me, people: fun.

Here are a couple of things you should be aware of before you start reading: English is not my native language. Every chapter is written for a prompt word and will be short (expect around 300-600 words on average). Part I (or the first nine drabbles) plays entirely in the HP!Universe, hence the title 'There'. Part II (titled 'Here') will include characters and possibly even plotlines from the HP and the SH!Universe. There will be **slash**. Harry Potter will **not** be paired with Ginny Weasley. Ginny Weasley will be an important character anyways. The story also starts out a little (okay _a lot_) depressive but it gets better, I promise! Oh, and there will be talk about **suicide**, indirectly for the most part, but still heavily implied.

And before I forget, Part I will be written from Ginny's perspective, Part II from Harry's. I have my reasons for that and the first nine

chapters are necessary to explain some of their background and the platonic!relationship between Harry and Ginny.

C'mon guys, give it a chance. You know you want to ;)

* * *

><p>|Within this cloudier heaven|

by Mirrorshard

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><p>Part I: There

**"You can not bind magic."**

* * *

><p>In Between Worlds

She wakes up.

She wakes up and it'sâ€"fragmented.

The light comes first, bright and cold and blinding. Then comes the noise, excited voices, angry screams, pained sobs. There are hands touching her, clinging to her limp fingers, petting her hair, stroking her armsâ€"holding on because they are afraid of letting go, like she'll slip through their fingers if they aren't too careful. Like they need to anchor her, here, now, before she drifts beyond their reach.

She doesn't tell them that it's too late.

She blinks.

The words come later. Questions. Pleas. Accusations. _How could you_, they demand to know. _I know things haven't been easy for you_, they assure. _He's gone_, they whisper.

She blinks.

They get a medi-witch firstâ€"because it's practical and resources are tight and _the war has started_. Shock, the plump woman tells them and they believe her.

She blinks.

They take her to St. Mungosâ€"because _she isn't getting better_ and _they refuse to give up on her_ and _they can't afford to keep her_. It's for your own good, they tell her and don't hear the twisted irony in their own words.

Irrevocable brain damage is the diagnosis that causes them to cry in grief and agony and _guilt_.

She blinks.

They keep her in a closed-off room with no sharp devices and

colourless walls. They talk to her like she's a child as they feed her, wash her, take care of her. They say she won't get better. They say she's damaged beyond repair. They say the war will be over soon. They say everything is going to be alright.

They lie.

She blinks.

The red-eyed man comes eventually. His robes are the first spot of darkness she's seen in weeks andâ€"she knows they've lost.

She blinks.

She doesn't fear this man, even though there's no reason for her not to. But. He's gone. He's moved on, to a place she can't seem to follow, and she's drifting, in between, almost here but never truly there, and she doesn't care about this world, doesn't care about any worldâ€"has only ever cared about him.

The red-eyed man looks, simply looks at her for a long moment. Then he smiles a lipless smile andâ€" "You've done well, child."â€"with a soundless pop he's gone.

She blinks.

She doesn't wake up in a closed-off room with no sharp devices and colourless walls the following morning.

****In Between Worlds****

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><p>So, despite my claims of doing this only for fun - or maybe because of it - I'm pretty nervous about this. It means trying out something new and it's exciting but frankly it's also nerve-wracking *sheepish grin*<p>

****Tell me your thoughts in a review? Pretty please?**** *tries puppy dog eyes and probably looks like she's having a seizure*

Since these chapters are so short the next part will be up within a few days. Until then, have a great time!

xx ReRe

2. Love

It's the first time this ever happened to me, but I'm having trouble with this side. For some reason it doesn't display the reviews I've been getting, so while I know that six of you guys were kind enough to leave me review, I only got to read the four that I got an E-mail notification for. I wrote ff-support and I'm hoping this is gonna be resolved soon, just know that I really appreciate your feedback and I'll reply as soon as I can to each one individually!

Another chapter to give you a better idea of what exactly went down between Ginny and Harry... Hope I'm not leaving you too confused about everything. Enjoy!

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><p>Love

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><p>He's lying in a bed that smells like family and loss and he's not small, doesn't even look small, but there's something about pale cheeks and spidery fingers that makes him look littler than ever before.

He doesn't turn around when she enters, but she doesn't mind.

"Here."

Her whisper breaks the silence and she watches the awareness awaken in his eyes, watches muscles tense and unvoiced questions write themselves into furrowed brows.

"It's potent. Quick. And painless," she says quietly, forcing the poisonous words out with nothing but unyielding determination to keep her going. The fragile vial in her hands looks almost unassuming, almost pretty, almost harmless. Just like her. An yet she is not. She won't fail him, can't fail him, and if it costs her _everything_ she is_ then it's a price she'll gladly pay.

Her hands are steady as she offers him the small vial with the most beautiful substance she's ever seen.

"It's your choice now. You can stay here. You can fight. You can do whatever they want you to do. Or you can- _go on_. But it's your decision now, your choice."

She swallows, dry and painful, because there are so many things she still needs to tell him and so many things she desperately wants to tell him. But she doesn't.

She tells him the things he needs to hear instead, the things that need to be said. The things that will allow him to make the choice he truly wants. Because that's all she wants for him, _everything_ he could ever wish for_, and it's nothing less than the world owes him.

"Ron and Hermione are strong, they'll be alright."

I don't want you to go.

"And as for the rest of the world, they don't matter. They can fight their own wars. And if they can't, well, they'll lose. But their fate is not your responsibility."

Don't leave me.

"Your victory or defeat would be important, but only to us. Only right _now_. A thousand years from now there'll be other Dark Lords, other wars, each no more or less important than the one we're facing now. There'll be consequences if the Death Eaters win and they'll be terrible. But they won't damn the world _forever_. I- Our existence

is- temporal. And so is our importance. A thousand years from now we will all be just a footnote in the history of this world."

Stay.

She doesn't want to say these things. Doesn't even want to offer him this terrible, beautiful choice. Wants to find another way instead or make a compromise, anything else really. Only there is no other way. Not anymore. They've made sure of that. They've done their very best to ensure that their control can not be broken.

But.

You can not bind magic. You can not cage it. You can not control it.

There is always a way. And she wishes with all her heart she didn't have to be the one to show him, butâ€"no one else is there to do it in her stead. And he needs _someone_ to do this. To make this about him and only him.

So she does.

She does it because when she looks at him, she sees a boy with eyes too bright for this world and a smile that tells too many lies. She sees a shooting star, breathtaking and alight and _falling_.

And later, when they rant and rave and rage, _when_ _it's too late to bring him back_, she isn't surprised by his choice. Isn't surprised by their disbelief either.

Because she's always seen it. She's always been the only one who does.

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><p>Love

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><p>Despite my current problems it would be very, very, very nice of you to leave me a review *nods eagerly* And by the way, I'm crossposting this on AO3, so in case anything else goes wrong you'll know where to find me ;)<p>

Next chapter should be up by Saturday.

xx ReRe

3. Sunset

Special thanks to Rori Potter for commenting on the last chapter! (And yes, that means the review page has been fixed and I finally got the chance to reply to every one, well, except for the guest but I hope you'll read this and know I'm glad you like it! Thanks again for making it to this chapter everybody, I hope it'll fill in a couple more blanks.

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><p>Sunset

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><p>They sit near the lake, just a couple of steps away from where he almost lost his soul a few days ago. She watches him stare off into the distanceâ€”at the spot where he fought and _held on_ and _refused to give in_.

He's lingering and even now as he sits right by her side, safe and solid, she wonders what would happen should she reach out and touch him. If the tips of her fingers would be enough to dispel the illusion of his living, breathing body and reveal the see-through ghost of what he could have become.

Maybe she's too old nowâ€”too _young_â€”to grasp these ghosts that are haunting him, to believe in them and understand them the way she once did. Or maybe she understands too much, understands how much effort it takes to keep breathing, to carry the weight of life after getting a first hint of what it might be _without_.

"I almost didn't try, you know." He says suddenly, his words so unexpected she flinches, yet filling the lulling quiet between them as naturally as the soft wisps of wind. "When I realised that I hadn't seen my dad, that it had been _me_ all alongâ€”I did it in the end, I cast the Patronus, but I wasn't sure it would work-

I wasn't sure I wanted it to.

"Do you regret it?" she asks, not because she wants to know, but because he wants to tell her and she lets him. She'll always let him.

"I don't know."

"Why?"

He blinks, his eyes a shade greener than she remembers them being and it's almost time for dinner, time to go back, time to return to laughter and people and life. But still he _lingers_. They both do.

"I killed a man with my own hands when I was eleven. I just- I just touched him and he _burned_."

There's something in the way he says it, a tone that isn't quite regret and not quite satisfaction either, and it's enough to make her understand what he's trying to convey.

There are a number of things she could tell him in response, things others have told her in the past year, again and again, until the words had lost all their meaning. Weak excuses that will never be enough to absolve her of the guilt, the responsibility, the taint.

You were just a _child_, they keep insisting._ You didn't know. It wasn't your fault_.

"I petrified four people when I was eleven," she says instead.

He shakes his head a little, a not-quite-smile on his lips. But there's a silent yearning in him, filling his very being, and it saddens her in a way she can't yet grasp, won't understand until later, much later, when she'll look back and _see_.

"Do you think I'll go to heaven?" he asks eventually, his head tilted back as he stares at the sky above them with a raw yearning that belies every _I'm fine_ she's ever heard him say.

She swallows as the weight of his words sinks onto her shoulders and suddenly she's thankful that he isn't looking at her, has never _really_ looked at her, for reasons she doesn't understand but can't seem to be bothered about. She's glad because she doesn't think he's ready to see her tears, the tears she's crying for him that she hasn't yet learned to blink away. She turns her head away, stares at the setting sun instead.

It's strange how they've found each other again, to share this moment of quiet understanding. The same moment they've shared a year ago, when the Basilisk was dead and it was all over and said and doneâ€"leaving them behind with grime, blood, dust and _nothing_ else_.

She understands because she's been there, with him, _beside_ him once beforeâ€"and now, a year later, they're back here, at this point neither of them ever wanted to reach. At this point neither of them can leave behind.

Lingering.

She can't decide whether that's a good thing or not, but she gives him the same answer she always does.

"Do you think you'll want to?"

He doesn't replyâ€"he never does. She tells herself she doesn't mind.

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><p>Sunset

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><p>Thoughts? Interpretations? Questions? The next prompt word is Deep and should be up on Monday or Tuesday.<p>

xx ReRe

4. Deep

Special thanks to ****webpixie****, ****Noyoki**** and ****Rori Potter****! You guys are so awesome I just had to update today. We're going back to Harry's second year... Ready?

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><p>Deep

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><p>It feels like a desperate gasp for air.<p>

Like she's drowning, struggling, pulled under, until suddenly her head breaks through the surface of the water and she _breathes_. The air is stale, heavy enough to force a weak cough out of her lungs, and tainted by a smell that might have been blood but makes her think of death instead.

It's staggering in a way, disorienting, because one moment she's- not _gone_, exactly, more faded out, like an old wallpaper that peels off on the edges, and then she's back, in her body, _there_, aware and in control.

The stone floor feels cold and uncomfortable against her cheek, _too hard_, _too harsh_, and she wants to shy away from the sensation but she's _back_ and there's nowhere to go.

The light is dim, still too sharp and too bright for her senses, but almost bearable, and her eyes are adjusting slowly. Now that the haze has left her she sees clearer againâ€”and yet, perhaps, not as clear as before.

She scrambles towards him the second she first catches sight of his body, motionless, still. Her movements are jerky and awkward and out of practice but she's not so much embarrassed as she's sadâ€”sad about losing a sense of completion and perfection she can now barely remember, sad about _being back_. There's knowledge too, somewhere in the back of her mind, and maybe it's not as much knowledge as it is understanding, but it's just as important and she feels it, remembers it, even as it escapes her, dissipates and withdraws and slips away.

The body groans, the sound loud and unforgiving in ears that she can't remember hearing with in too long, maybe forever. Then his eyes flutter open and they're bright and green, the first colour she's seen since the haze has been lifted and it'sâ€”earth-shattering, is what it is.

Because she sees it in that unique shade of green, sees a smidgen of the _beyond_ she's been pulled back from, sees a half-formed understanding of something their minds are not meant to grasp, a shared desire for something life can not offer and she latches on to that, holds it with everything she has becauseâ€”

It's the only thing that feels _real_ to her, in a world she's been returned to live in, a world she has already left behind, a world that can not live up to the memories she has of it.

He takes pulls her to her feet, none too gently, and she doesn't mind. It's soothing in a way, this, he, they. There's something about him that takes the edge of life away, something _already half-way gone_, something _never truly there_, and it calms her, grounds her in a way she's not aware she desperately needs.

Later she tells them it felt like waking up from a long, deep sleep.

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><p>Deep

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><p>What do you think?<p>

Within this cloudier heaven contains one of my favourite interpretations of how the Chamber incident might have affected Ginny in a different world. Did anyone else ever think it was strange how she just seemed to get over the Chamber incident? Sure, she was shy but I can't remember reading something about therapy sessions in canon and shouldn't she have at least been checked?

The next prompt word is 'Seeking Solace'. Any guesses what it's it about?

xx ReRe

5. Seeking Solace

Once again thanks to all you awesome people who've read, followed and favourited this fic! And of course to Noyoki and Rori Potter for reviewing!

This one is a bit of an interlude, in that it doesn't focus on Harry and Ginny directly. But I believe it does a good job of showing her mindset, how she's functioning, with and without Harry... Let's see what you make of it!

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><p>Seeking Solace

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><p>"You look really pretty today," the dark-skinned boy tells her awkwardly. But the spark in his eyes is alive and the smile on his lips doesn't lie and she tells herself she likes that.

"Thanks, you don't look all that bad yourself." The flirty reply comes easy, too easy perhaps, and she's almost disappointed when the boy's face flushesâ€"just a little, because he never gets flustered around her and she's not sure if that's supposed to bother her or not.

She's fourteen now, somewhere in between child and adult and it suits her surprisingly well. Perhaps she's gotten used to it by now, the in between, so much so that she welcomes it, embraces it the way few teenagers do.

"Well, the day is young and the castle is contaminated by Umbridge, so let's get going!" the boy urges her gently and she laughs because it's a natural thing to do when faced with his broad smile.

The afternoon goes well after that, better than expected even, though

she'll never admit it out loud. The dark-skinned boy is nice and friendly and easy to talk to. He doesn't touch her unnecessarily and when he does he observes her reaction, backs off as soon as she shows signs of discomfort. He compliments her, but never too much. He's nothing but sincere, real and alive.

On their way back the dark-skinned boy reaches for her hand and she lets him. His touch is warm and stable and comforting. He makes the world feel less like memory and more like reality, pulls her back a little from the beyond without even realising, and.

She likes it, she thinks. Remembers liking it at least. And it's not the same, not quite, not really and maybe never again, butâ€”

He asks her if the dark-skinned boy makes her happy one day. She tells him he makes her feel alive.

* * *

><p>Seeking Solace

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><p>I think I'll put the next one up tomorrow, I'm getting a bit impatient myself xD<p>

By the way, I'm thinking of writing a short story (like three to five chapters) with Mycroft/Harry and Sherlock/Harry but absolutely no incest between the brothers. Would anyone be interested in something like that?

Please share your thoughts and I'll see you guys tomorrow! xx
ReRe

6. Break Away

This chapter is for those of you who want to know what happened with the Golden!Trio we all know and love. Here is your answer:

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><p>Break away

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><p>There's no fight. No argument. No clashing of forces beyond their power. Instead it's silence in the place of friendly banter and walking one step farther away from each other than they used to and it's hi instead of how are you. Maybe that's why nobody sees the signs for what they are, why nobody asks the questions that ought to be asked and in the end nobody notices until it's long over, buried in a forgotten past, blurred in the memories of people too busy living their own lives.

She watches though, because she always does, and she sees, like nobody else. Not as much as she used to perhaps, but still more, still deeper, still him.

Always him.

She watches the bushy-haired girl grow closer to her roommates, having finally found a certain appreciation for full lips and long eyelashes while the other girls have out-grown some of their flighty nature. It's a good match, she thinks, shallow and silly and intelligent, working their issues out at their own pace and learning from each other as they do.

She watches red-haired boy bloom into the young man she's always known he could become, finding his own strengths in a game he adores and connecting to like-minded people because of it. He's learning to stand on his own and stand tall in the face of others' critical gazes and she sees him develop, sees him rise eagerly to meet this new challenge on his own. He will be great, she thinks and knows it to be true somewhere deep in a heart she sometimes forgets is still beating.

She watches him. Watches the stars in his eyes shine brighter, watches them fall and fall and fall until all she wants to do is reach out and catch—but she doesn't because he doesn't want her to and what he wants is all she ever cared about.

She watches a friendship end peacefully, not broken, just quietly grown-apart, and she sees the possibilities, sees the new beginnings and open doors for a bushy-haired girl and a red-haired boy—she sees shooting stars and they aren't falling, they're burning out.

* * *

><p>Break away

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><p>Feel free to share your thoughts!<p>

xx ReRe

End
file.